

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 32]

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1805.

[WHOLE No. 136]

FATAL EFFECTS OF SEDUCTION.

A TALE.

Example strikes where precept fails.
For sermons are less read than tales.

I Am not going to enquire whether moral depravity is more general, virtue more frequently oppressed, or vice held in less detestation, than at any former period of time. It appears to me, that vice and error have ever held almost unlimited dominion over the human race, and shackled, by their morbid influence, the best feelings of the soul; to resist the allurements of vice, when arrayed in the seductive habiliments of pleasure, and assuming the soft voice of invitation, is, perhaps, a task of some difficulty. Yet my young readers, think, before you give your minds up to the dangerous and transient enjoyment of sense, that vice, if not early resisted, is seldom subdued. I shall endeavour to prove the truth of my assertion by a melancholy tale—no fiction—but a serious and unfortunate fact.

Frederick Lawson was the only son of a good but indigent family, who, relying on the promise of friends, educated him for the church. On quitting college, a maternal aunt invited him to take up his residence with her, until he could be otherwise provided for: a friend of hers was a dignitary in the

church, and he had assured her that he would attend to the interest of her nephew; relying on this promise, and, anxious for his future welfare, Mrs. Freeman generously supplied him with the means of mixing with such society as his family connections and future expectations entitled him to. In the presence of the young, the gay, and the dissipated, he too frequently forgot the sanctity of that character he was intended to occupy; pleasure opened her thousand sources, and he freely drank of the inebriating draught; and, if conscience, sometimes in a casual pause from folly, attempted to be heard, her voice was silenced by the sneer of ridicule, the clamor of fashion, or the force of example.

The winter, for it was autumn when he arrived in London, passed rapidly away, spring advanced, and the bishop, who was about to retire to his episcopal seat, summoned Frederick to attend him there as domestic chaplain; he soon found himself very agreeably situated—he was treated by his patron with great kindness, and by his family with respect. Two young gentlemen, nephews of the prelate, were entrusted to his care: they were lively good-humoured boys, who soon became very strongly attached to him, for his manners were both pleasant and interesting. In the excursions which he daily made with his pupils, in the vicinity of the Priory, they, by their uncle's orders, used to

call frequently among the peasantry, to view their manner of life, enquire into their wants, and make little presents among the children. In one of these benevolent rambles, they were smitten by the appearance of a cottage, which, for neatness and rusticity; seemed to emulate the simplicity of ancient days; a low hedge of sweet-briar and hawthorn carefully trimmed, separated it from a wild and extensive common, around which was scattered a few straggling hemlocks; the garden which fronted the cottage, was not extensive, but prettily laid out in small beds of flowers, shrubs and odoriferous herbs, which mixing their sweets with the wild thyme that grew profusely on the heath, gave a balmy fragrance to the air, and an exhilarating sensation to the heart; up the white front of the cottage, the luxuriant honeysuckle mixed its plant tendrils with those of the vine; near the door stood an antique elm, whose bold, and projecting branches denoted that it had flourished there long before the present inhabitants of the cottage had been called into being; a rustic seat of turf was formed beneath it, on which sat a young woman knitting, and caroling a sweet and plaintive ditty, unconscious of being observed. Frederick opened a wicket, which led through the garden to the cottage, without thinking that he might possibly obtrude on persons who wished to remain unknown, the idea occurred just as he had reached the door, it was then too late to

recede, as his appearance had alarmed the young woman, who threw down her work in confusion, and hastily retired; at the same time a neat old woman, of cheerful aspect, advanced from the cottage, and civilly invited them to enter, this they declined, but seating themselves without ceremony beneath the tree, began to talk with the old lady, who was very communicative on the situation of her family. They learnt that she was grandmother to the young woman they had seen, whose father was recently deceased, he had occupied a small farm, which they at his death, for want of friends to assist them, had been obliged to quit. Maria, so was the young woman called, had one brother, a bold eccentric lad, who quitted home in disgust after the death of his father, and entered himself for a sailor on board a king's ship; they were in great anxiety for his safety, and utterly unacquainted with his present destination, though they knew he had left England.

Frederick asked what ship he was on board of—The Lion, answered the grandmother.

Frederick promised to make enquiries where the Lion was stationed, and likewise to gain intelligence whether the ship had been in action since her grandson had been on board. This condescending goodness quite charmed the unsuspecting cottager, she eagerly called Maria to come forward, who, advancing with timidity, was informed of the kindness of the good young gentleman, and desired to gather him the best nosegay the garden afforded. With this request she complied, and mixing the flowers with taste and judgment, presented each with a *bouquet*; they soon after departed, leaving the cottagers much impressed in their favor.

Frederick, though extremely loose in his principles, was not deficient in good nature—he set instantly about the proposed enquiries, and learnt that the Lion was stationed in the West Indies—that her crew had suffered dreadfully from epidemic sickness, and that the brother of Maria was one of the unfortunate victims of its fury. This unwelcome intelligence he communicated as gently as possible to the inhabitants of the cottage. Maria's tears flowed copiously, and greatly relieved the agonies of her feeling heart—but her aged parent

had no such resource—grief, for the death of her son, and the departure of her grandson, had before exhausted them—she could not shed a tear—she did not utter a complaint.

I had hoped that Henry would have returned, said she, to bless my age, and guard Maria's youth—But Heaven's will be done.—

My dear grandmother, cried the affectionate girl, do not grieve—I can work both for myself and you.—

My aunt will assist you, cried the elder of the Fitzcarys, who had accompanied Frederick on this unpleasant errand, I am sure she will—do not weep Maria—we will call again to-morrow.

In saying this, he took the arm of Frederick, and they quitted the cottage. On arriving at the Priory, Mrs. Fitzcary was applied to by her nephew for the relief of Maria—she commissioned him to make her a moderate present, promised to enquire more minutely into their character and circumstances—and then dismissed him. In the mean time, Frederick, under the pretence of writing letters, had withdrew to his chamber—he there pondered on the situation of Maria, and cursed fortune most vehemently for not placing it in his power to serve so interesting an object—I can however, advise her under difficulties, and comfort her under afflictions, thought he—and in the midst of his zeal to serve her, he sought Fitzcary, who communicated to him the commission he had received from his aunt—they mutually agreed to visit the cottagers the following morning, and if the old lady was sufficiently at ease to bear so painful a conversation, to enquire minutely into their circumstances, in hopes of procuring for them some permanent relief.

Early the ensuing day they set forward on their errand, and, on their arrival, saw only Maria, from whom they learnt that her grandmother was confined to her bed with a most severe indisposition. How long has she been ill? asked Fitzcary.—She was taken in the night, was the reply.—Have you had any medical assistance?—No, (said Maria, mournfully) I have been to doctor Bolus, who said he would call when he came this way; but as that may not be for three or four days, my poor grandmother may be dead by that time.

Good heavens, (exclaimed Fitzcary) what monstrous brutality—I will go to him, Maria, and bring him back with me; in so saying, he set off for the village with all the speed he could make. During his absence Frederick drew from Maria a confession, that all their hopes of subsistence was drawn from labor—her grandmother spun—she knit—and their united efforts barely procured them bread.—But your cottage, —Was my mother's, said Maria.—Then of course it is now yours, said Frederick.—Yes, (said Maria) worse luck it is—for it will not make me amends for the loss of my poor brother.

Just as she had concluded her sentence Fitzcary returned, bringing doctor Bolus, who, though he could not come to the poor cottager, made no difficulty of attending the bishop's nephew. He examined the patient with much apparent attention—asked a hundred unnecessary questions—flourished through a routine of technical phrases—then gravely pronounced the patient suffering under a stroke of the palsy, which was incurable. But can you not relieve her, doctor, asked Frederick.—That, sir, is very doubtful in cases of this description—and medicine now is very expensive, laying a strong emphasis on the last sentence. Oh, I will pay you, cried Fitzcary, with all the ardor of youth. Then, sir, I am in duty bound (said the pliant doctor) to exert my best abilities for the service of the patient—and you may depend on it, no attention shall be wanted, in saying this he departed with a strut of medical importance. Fitzcary then dropped his aunt's present into the hands of Maria, and they again quitted the cottage.

(To be continued.)

MEMOIRS OF MRS. CHAPONE.

(From an English Publication.)

So may some gentle muse,
With lucky words favor my destined urn:
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

MRS. Chapone, who died at Hadley in Middlesex, December 25th 1801, in her 75th year, has long been known to the public, as an elegant and highly moral writer. The first pro-

ductions of hers, which were given to the world, were, the interesting story of *Fidelia*, in the *Adventurer*; and a poem, prefixed to her friend, Mrs. Carter's translation of *Epicætetus*; but her name only became known on the publication of a deservedly popular work. *Letters on the improvement of the Mind*, addressed to a Young Lady. This was printed in 1773, and will long it is hoped, maintain its place in the library of young women. It is distinguished by sound sense, a liberal, as well as a warm spirit of piety, and a philosophy applied to its best use, the culture of the heart and affections. It has no shining excentricities of thought no peculiarity of system; it follows experience as its guide, and is content to produce effects of acknowledged utility, by known and approved means. On these accounts, it is perhaps the most unexceptionable treatise, that can be put into the hands of female youth. These letters are particularly excellent, in what relates to regulating the temper and feelings. Their style is pure and unaffected, and the manner grave and impressive. Those who choose to compare them in this respect with another widely circulated publication, addressed, about the same time to young women. (*Dr. Fordyce's Sermons*) will probably be of opinion, that the dignified simplicity of the female writer is much more consonant to true taste, than the affected prettinesses and constant glitter of the preacher. Mrs. Chapone soon after published a volume of *Miscellanies*, containing one or two moral essays, and some elegant poems. The poems which have the merit of many beautiful thoughts, and some original images, seem not to have been sufficiently appreciated by the public; for they were not greatly noticed, owing perhaps to the mode of their publication. It was not then so common as it has been since to mix new matter with old.

Mrs. Chapone's maiden name was Mulso; her family was a respectable one, in Northamptonshire. Her married life was short, and not very happy. She probably alluded to her own nuptial choice, when she speaks in one of her poems of

"Prudence slow, that ever comes too late."

When left a widow, her very limited circumstances prevented her not from enjoying a large acquaintance among

the first circles of society, who admired her talents, and respected her for her virtues.

She understood and relished conversation. Her discourse was seasoned occasionally with a vein of humor; and having the advantage (for it is an advantage) of associating in early life with the best company, the ease and polish of the gentlewoman accompanied the talents of the writer. Her person was plain; but in her youth she had a fine voice, and always had a strong taste for music. Mrs. Chapone was one of those women who have shown that it is possible to attain a correct and elegant style, without an acquaintance with the classics. The French and Italian she understood; and from the latter she made some translations.

Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Montague, and another lady, who stands confessedly at the summit of female literature, and upon a par with the distinguished scholars of the other sex, were friends and intimates; the two former have left the stage; but their venerable seignior still survives to receive the homage of another century.

Mrs. Chapone had been declining in health for many years. The loss of a beloved niece, the lady to whom the letters were addressed, and of a more beloved brother to whom she was united in affection and similarity of taste hastened the infirmities of age; and for some time before her death, she was laid aside from society. It is not unusual for those who in some period of their lives have filled a certain space in the eye of the public, if they have been sometime withdrawn from it, to glide silently out of life unnoticed, except by the attendants of their bed-side; so was it with Mrs. Chapone. But if there are those of her sex, now happy wives and mothers who have in any measure been formed to those characters by the early impressions they may have received from her writings, they will drop a grateful tear to the memory of their benefactor, and rank her among those who, in the French phrase, "have deserved well of their country."

FOPPISH DRESS.

FROM THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Messieurs Editors,

HAVING lately had some warm disputing with an old fashioned Don about dress and such like, and not being able to agree, I concluded to apply to you for information. You must know then that I am lately from the country, and apprenticed to a merchant and wishing to make a creditable appearance, want to know something about the fashions.

Pray then, gentlemen, in the first place, should not a man, summer and winter, carry at least ten times as much clothing as a woman, for the reason that he is stronger and better able to bear it?

Should not every sprig of his hair be cut off behind, where it is of no manner of use, and be suffered to flow in ringlets over the face, to guard the eyes, and shade the forehead, nose, &c. from the weather? Are not whiskers useful in strengthening and keeping the jaws warm?

Should a summer great coat have ten capes, or only six? Are not the new fashioned bag sleeves very convenient and graceful? Does a man who wears them look as if his arms were bolstered and poulticed on account of sores? Were they ever intended to hide deformed or withered limbs, or broken bones?

Were they invented to facilitate shop lifting and pilfering, by furnishing a ready retreat for whatever may be purloined, either from the counter or the pocket, whether a watch, a pocket book, a bolt of linen, or a dozen of straw knives?

Are they an ingenious contrivance to hide the itch—that vulgar pest, which ever and anon, riots on dirty fingers?

Are they in reality meant merely to correct the defects of nature, by lengthening out the arms to the true proportion, to make man more nearly resemble the monkey, that knowing, active, smirky creature?

Were they designed to keep the hands warm? or cold? and how long and wide should they be, to be the tippy? should

they reach to the ancle bone? or only to the calf of the leg? and be capacious enough to contain three, or only two bushels each?

Were they meant to answer the purpose of knapsacks? and if so, will they not be in the way of fighting? and would not the new-fashioned breeches pouch be a more convenient place for stowing and carrying a "soldier's all?"

How many folds and wrinkles should there be in a genteel sleeve? and how many between the shoulders of a well made coat? and also, how wide should the skirts gap behind, in order to exhibit the breeches pouch to advantage? And again, how much should the pouch of a fashionable pair of breeches or pantaloon be calculated to contain, over and above the flesh and bones of the wearer? four bushels? or only two? and how far should the pouch project in a horizontal line from the main rump? two feet, or only one? and should it hang down in drapery form, or be drawn to a handsome projectile peak? How high should these galligaskins reach above the centre? to the chin? with holes cut in the waist-band to let the arms out? or should they stop at the arm-pits, to leave room for a vest still higher up?—How long should a commodious vest be? six inches? or only three? and should it have three buttons? or, but one? Should sleeves have any seams in them?

Is not a black dress, especially of stout woollen cloth, cooler and more comfortable for hot weather than a light colored one of cotton or silk? and are not fire proof boots much more suitable for summer wear than shoes? and should not their tops tend pretty well upwards, in pursuit of the waist-band and vest? and not stop abruptly at the knees, as if docked and skimped, but preserve a stately, graceful course, up to the fork?

Are thick stumpy legs, or long spindle shanks most in fashion? Should legs have calves to them? and if so, cannot a spare leg be helped by stuffing a bit of wool, or cotton, or rags within the stockings? I mean this to be done only when a body is in his undress; in full dress he will have no occasion for it, as then his coat, pantaloon, boots, &c. will sufficiently hide his native form, and give symmetry to his person: and it cannot be wrong to adopt such con-

trivances as are now in vogue, to counteract the gallinaufry shapes of nature.

Do you know of any body who wants a genteel apprentice? I should like to change my place to some store where there's nothing to do—for I understand it is not fashionable to sweep the out the store, brush the dust from the goods, run of errands, and so on—and where I now am, my master expects me to do all such vulgar things. Should not merchants' apprentices wear silk gloves? and be at liberty to gallant the girls of afternoons?

Oh! I had like to have forgotten to ask the proper dimensions for the diameter of fire proof boots—I observe that in some instances it scarcely exceeds twice the size of the leg—should it not be rather more spacious to be convenient?

And again, what is the rule for forming the square and turn up of the toes? One of my fellow apprentices says the square should be an inch, and the curl two, for every foot of a man's height; to which I beg leave to add an amendment, by proposing that, by way of counterpoise, the heel should project to an equal distance the other way: so that one's leg might stand like a mast in a boat; in which case there would certainly be less danger of oversetting in squalls.

One or two more questions, and I'll have done. Pray how much should a genteel shirt collar be elevated above the ears? I know that ears require that shelter; but should it not also envelope the temples, and project a little matter or so forward of the nose, after the way and fashion of blind-halters, to preserve us from the dangers and inconvenience of gaping about, and from sudden frights? And, in order to keep a man in one steady course, that is, from turning to the right hand and to the left, which you know was forbidden of old, should not the collar be made of sheet iron, rather than of buckram, as is now the practice?

Yours,

Jonathan Plumphudding.

THE ORIGIN OF DUELLING IN FRANCE.

FRANCIS De Vivonne, lord of Chateigneraye, younger son of Andrew de Vivonne, lord high steward of Poitou, appeared with distinction at the courts of Francis I. and Henry II. He was connected in the tenderest friendship with Guy de Chabot, lord of Jarnac; but incurred the displeasure of that nobleman by an imprudent conversation. One day he told Francis I. by whom he was much esteemed, that Jarnac boasted to him of having enjoyed the favors of his mother-in-law, Magdalen of Puyguion, the second wife of Charles Chabot, lord of Jarnac, and Guy's father. The king rallied Guy on his good fortune; which so exasperated him, that he not only denied the fact, but added that, with reverence to his majesty, Chateigneraye was a liar. The lie was soon communicated to Chateigneraye, who desired the king's leave to decide their difference by what was called the combat a outrance: but this was not granted by Francis I.

However, by the permission of his successor Henry II. on the 10th of July, 1547, the battle was fought in the park of S. Germain en Laye; the king, the constable Montmorency, and several other lords being present.

Chateigneraye, being dangerously wounded in the thigh, fell. His life was now at the disposal of Jarnac; who desired the king to accept at his hands the life of Chateigneraye, who was too proud to solicit the compassion of the victor. The prince yielding to the intreaties of Jarnac and the constable, ordered the surgeon to attend Chateigneraye, in his tent. But the shame of being vanquished drove the indiscreet combatant to such desperation, that he died three days after, with the character of one of the bravest and best men in France. He was the assailant in the fight while Jarnac acted on the defensive. He was hardly 28 years of age; and trusted so much to his own dexterity, undervaluing his antagonist so strangely, that, according to Brantome, he had prepared a magnificent supper for the entertainment of his friends on the very day of the combat; but the fortune of arms decided otherwise.

The *coup de Jarnac* has become proverbial to denote an unexpected manœuvre reserved by an enemy. The cere-

monious interval which preceded such battles was employed by both champions in the exercise of their arms : and it is said that Jarnac had so thoroughly profited by his fencing-master's lessons that in his mock skirmishes he never missed the thrust which proved fatal to Chateigneraye. This kind of battle was the last ever seen in France, for Henry so sincerely regretted the loss of his favorite, as to prohibit it, by an oath for the future. To this ancient institution of the Lombard law succeeded the licentiousness of private duelling, which in two centuries has caused more blood to be spilt in Europe, but particularly in France, than was ever shed by these combats from their remotest origin.

FEMALE MAGNANIMITY.

CAMMA the wife of Sinatus, the priestess of Diana, was a person of most rare beauty and no less virtue. Erasinorix, to enjoy her had treacherously slain her husband. He had often attempted in vain to persuade her to his embraces by fair speeches and gifts ; and she, fearing he would add force to these, feigned herself to be overcome with his importunity.

To the temple they went : and standing before the altar (as the custom was) the new bride drank a cup of wine in a golden vial to the bridegroom, which he received and drank off with great pleasure : which done, falling on her knees, with a loud voice she said : I thank thee, O venerable Diana ! that thou hast granted me in thy Temple, to revenge the blood of my husband, which was shed for my sake ! which said she fell down and died. Erasinorix now perceived the wine he had drank was poisoned, nor was it long after before he himself, as another sacrifice, fell dead at the foot of the altar.

COUNT UGOLINO.

FROM DANTE'S INFERNO—A FACT

UGOLINO, a Florentine count, had been imprisoned, with his four children, by the Archbishop Rugguri ; and after his deliverance, thus relates the horrors of his prison ;

"The hour approached when we expected to have something brought us to eat : but instead of seeing any food appear, I heard the doors of that horrible dungeon more closely barred. I beheld my little children in silence and could not weep. My heart was petrified. The little wretches wept : and my dear Anselm said, Father, you look upon us, what ails you ? I could neither weep nor answer, and continued swallowed up in silent agony, all that day, and the following night, even till the dawn of the day.

"As soon as a glimmering ray darted through the doleful prison, that I could see again those faces, in which my own image was impressed, I gnawed both my hands with grief and rage.

"My children believing I did this through eagerness to eat, raising themselves suddenly up said to me, 'My Father ! our torments would be less, if you would allay the rage of your hunger upon us.' I restrained myself, that I might not increase their misery.

"We were all silent that day and the following.

"The fourth day being come, Gaddo falling extended at my feet, cried 'My father why do you not help me ? and died !

"The other three expired, one after the other, between the fifth and sixth day famished as thou seest me now. And I being seized with blindness, began to grappling with my hands and feet, and continued calling upon them by their names, three days after they were dead : then hunger vanquished my grief.

LITERARY ANECDOTE.

AN old gentleman (whose father attended more to learning his son the methods of accumulating riches than knowledge) living some time since in a town in one of the eastern states. From application and industry, he had amassed a property of about 20,000 dollars, although not able to read or write, he never hired a clerk, but had always been in the habit of keeping his own books.

He had invented some new characters for the purpose of conveying his ideas to

himself and others, they were formed as nearly similar to the shape of the article sold as the nature of the circumstance would admit.—One day a customer of his called on him for the purpose of settling his account, (calls Mr Editor, which you will be very fond of receiving in the course of a few months) ; the book of hieroglyphics was handed down, and our merchant commenced with "such a time you had a gallon of rum, and such a time a pound of tea—such a time a gallon of molasses, and such a time a cheese." "Stop there," says the customer, I never had a cheese of you or any other person—I make my own cheese." You certainly must have had it, said the merchant, 'It is down in my book.' The other denied ever buying an article of that kind. After a sufficient number of pros and cons, upon recollection, he informed him he believed he had purchased a *Grindstone* about that time—'Tis the very thing, said the merchant, and I must have forgotten to put the hole in the middle.

ANECDOTES.

BARRYMORE happening to come late to the theatre, and having no dress for his part, was driven to the last moment, when, to heighten his perplexity, the key of his drawer was missing. D—n it ! said he, I must have swallowed it.—Never mind, says Jack Bannister, coolly, if you have, it will serve to open your chest.

Two gentlemen descanting on the mischiefs that had crept into the church, one of them said that a large portion of his flock were tinctured with deism : the other complained that many of his congregation were still worse, being infected with atheism ; And I am sure (added a countryman standing by) that nearly half of our parish is at this minute sadly afflicted with *rheumatism*.

A MOSAIC MOTTO.

A Jewish doctor, who has lately set up his carriage, after coming off conqueror in a litigation with a rival, adopted the following permanent motto : "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his ten thousands."

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, May 11, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 30 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of whom 12 were men—6 women—6 boys—and 6 girls.

Of consumption 8—casualty (a child aged 3 years accidentally burnt) 1—convulsions 4—debility 1—decay 2—drowned 1—inflammatory fever 1—intermittent fever 1—typhus fever 2—inflammation of the lungs 1—old age 1—peripneumony 1—pleurisy 1—St. Anthony's fire 1—still born 2—inflammation of the liver 1—and one of teething

Of the whole number 8 were of and under the age of 1 year—1 between 1 and 2—3 between 2 and 5—6 between 20 and 30—5 between 30 and 40—2 between 40 and 50—3 between 50 and 60—1 between 70 and 80 and 1 between 80 and 90.

We are happy to learn that the passengers and crew of the ship *Jupiter*, who embarked on board the *Long Boat*, were fallen in with by several fishing schooners, soon after they parted with the yawl, and happily rescued from their perilous situation. Mr. Gilbert J. E. Smissaert, one of the passengers, arrived at Boston on Tuesday from Marblehead, where he was brought by a vessel who relieved him from one of the fishing boats. He informs that the people preserved with him were all in health, and distributed among the several fishing vessels on the banks.

Bost. Gaz.

Awful instance of Almighty Vengeance on a *Cockfighter*, as recorded in the Obituary of *The Gentleman's Magazine* :—

Died, April 4, at Tottenham, John Ardesoif, Esq. a young man of large fortune, and in the splendor of his horses and carriages rivalled by few coun-

try gentleman. His table was that of hospitality, where it may be said he sacrificed too much to conviviality. Mr. Ardesoif was very fond of cock-fighting, and had a favorite cock, upon which he had won many profitable matches. The last bet he laid upon his cock he lost, which so enraged him, that he had the bird tied to a spit, and roasted alive before a large fire.

The screams of the miserable animal were so affecting, that some gentlemen who were present attempted to interfere, which so enraged Mr. Ardesoif, that he seized a poker, and with the most furious vehemence declared that he would kill the first man who interposed; but, in the midst of his passionate asseverations, he fell down dead upon the spot!!!

N. HAMP.

Amherst, April 30.

MELANCHOLY RELATION.

The substance of the following was communicated by a gentleman of respectability and one of the jury of Inquisition.—In Hollis lived a family by the name of Kendrick, three in number—an old lady, aged 73 a daughter about 40, and a son about 30.—The son has for several years past discovered symptoms of insanity; but had generally been able to conduct his business with propriety; and when well, was sober and regular in his deportment. But, a few days before the late sad catastrophe, symptoms more alarming appeared; the neighbors, who were informed of it, repeatedly called, and made his situation the subject of conversation with his mother and sister, who, though sensible of his derangement, were unwilling any thing should be mentioned to him, or that it should be generally known. This reluctance in them undoubtedly arose from the severe sufferings which the family had before experienced in consequence of insanity; it having prematurely and unhappily terminated the lives of the father and two sons. The mother and sister doated on this only remaining son and brother, perhaps to a fault; and were therefore unwilling his failings should be made known.—

Things thus remained till the 22d inst. Early in the morning of this day, two of the neighbors called on the fami-

ly, to make inquiries, and lend their assistance. They found the young man much as he had been for several days before; and after attending to some concerns of the family, retired. About 9 o'clock, and not more than two hours after they left the house, the young man came into the house of a near neighbor, his hands red with blood, and requested him to go with him to their house; for his mother he said, was dead, and his sister nearly so. Accordingly several neighbors immediately repaired thither, and found what he said was indeed an awful reality. The old lady was dead on the floor, mangled in a manner too shocking to relate.

The daughter was sitting in a chair, near her, in a situation if possible, still more deplorable; being cut and bruised on her head and different parts of her body, with not less than twenty wounds. Medical aid was immediately called, and every assistance rendered, but she survived only about six hours and expired; not being able to communicate anything to those about her.

Various instruments were found in the room bloody, which it is supposed were used in this scene—such as the leg of a chair, a cane, a hammer, a pair of tongs which were broken, &c.—The Coroner's Inquest were all agreed that the awful tragedy was committed by the unhappy man; and that he was an insane and distracted person.

To describe the horror of the scene would be too much for the finer feelings of nature.

But we would leave the fact on record as a solemn warning, against allowing insane and distracted persons the privilege of doing mischief, by permitting them to go at liberty. We think it worthy legislative attention.

The funeral was attended on Wednesday by a very numerous concourse of people when a solemn and well adapted sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Smith, from II. Kings viii. 13.

From the Philadelphia Medical Museum.

The following valuable extract from a Paris paper, (the Gazette Nationale, ou le Moniteur Universel, for October

4, 1804, will doubtless be read with the highest satisfaction by the friends of vaccination throughout America, as an ample proof, in addition to former testimonials, of the security obtained by that practice against the small pox.

"His excellency the minister of the interior, has communicated to the central society of the vaccine established near him, the result of a counter proof which, by the concurrence of circumstances accompanying it, ought to make an epoch in the history of vaccination.

"Six black children, the first who were vaccinated in the Isle de la Reunion, (Isle de Bourbon) and whose infection afterwards served for more than 5000 other individuals, were embarked in the vessel, the Young Caroline, (infected with the small pox) and carried to one of the Isles des Seychelles, where the vessel was obliged to perform quarantine. These six children remained three months on board, constantly placed in the focus of the infection; and pains were taken to make them live, eat and sleep with the infected. They were also, during the quarantine, twice inoculated for the small pox, each time with large incisions in both arms.—It is stated by the register, daily kept, that these six children having slept under the bed clothes of the persons having the small pox, in contact with their pustules, eating and drinking out of the same utensils, having been twice inoculated from those, who afterwards fell victims to their disorder, were preserved from all contagion, and continue at the present time in perfect health.

This counter-proof is perhaps the strongest in the history of vaccination, from the particular circumstance, that these six children after reaching the place of quarantine, lived for fifteen days in the midst of twenty blacks in the confluent small pox, of whom six are dead; of twenty to twenty five other blacks in the state of scabbing, dessication and convalescence, seven of which number died before the vessel arrived; and all were contained between decks of a small vessel, in a space of 8 feet by 10 or 12. This counter-proof merits a place in the immense collection of useful experiments made in Europe upon vaccination; it fulfils moreover the important end proposed by government, and it confirms in the most unqualified manner the antivariolous pro-

perty, which the numerous trials made by the most distinguished physicians had attached to the new inoculation."

It is to be hoped that after reading the above, even the most sceptical will be convinced, and that stricter attention to the anomalies of the disease, will serve to explain the supposed cases of subsequent small pox; and enable us to guard against their future recurrence.—Poulson.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, John Carman Esq. of Dutchess county, to Mrs. Catharine Sands, Widow of the late Dr. Edward Sands of this city.

On Sunday evening, Mr. John Hardcastle, Printer, to Miss Fanny Cortright, daughter of Nicholas Cortright all of this city.

On Monday evening, last Mr. Stephen Callow to Miss Jane Burger.

On Tuesday evening last, Coe Gale, jun. esq. to Miss Hannah Steinback, daughter of Mr. Anthony Steinback.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Thomas W. Smith, of this city, to Miss Mary Van Voorheese of Hackinsack.

On Sunday evening, Mr. John Augustus Snider, of this city to Miss Betsey Taylor, of Newark.

On Wednesday Evening, Captain Naylor, to Madame Siemoulin.

DIED.

On Saturday last, Mr. Jacob Tyler, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

In England, Sir Gregory Turner: 334,000 guineas were found in his excretoire and chest. He left 310,000l. in funded property, and landed estate which produced 24,000l. per annum.

MR. TYLER'S NIGHT.

ON MONDAY EVENING, MAY 13,
WILL BE PRESENTED,
(Never performed here,) A NEW COMEDY,
called,

The Blind Bargain.

The Favorite song of
THE DEATH OF TOM. MOODY,
BY MR. TYLER.
THE FAVORITE SONG OF
OLD WOMEN WE ARE,
IN CHARACTER, BY MR. TYLER.
TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,
Harlequin's Invasion.

W. S. TURNER,

Inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, PARK, to No. 71 Nassau-street Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.—In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years; and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

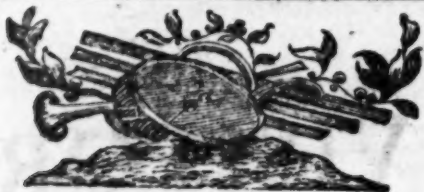
Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,
"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sores, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE.

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's No. 103 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's Medicine Warehouse No. 20 Bowery Lane.
Price One Dollar.



THE
FAREWELL.

THE breeze was fresh, with easy bend
The easy canvass own'd its sway :
The keel the gurgling waters rend,
The vessel passes on her way.
Against the mast the ship-boy stood,
And sung a ditty full of woe ;
Oh, idly gazing on the flood,
Mark'd the swift progress of the prow.

Gist round with many an ivy'd bow'r,
Hetley, thy ruin'd walls I see ;
And quite o'ercome, give all the hour
To blue-ey'd sensibility !
And who, once having seen thy face,
That thinks on sensibility,
Can so forget each matchless trace,
Dear Maid ! as not to think on thee !

I thought on thee, I thought on Love,
On Friendship, and Philanthropy ;
On Gratitude, and God, nor strove
To check a tear from either eye.
Rapt in these dear illusive themes,
Till rous'd by hated drums, I lay ;
Torn was the texture of my dreams,
And stol'n each tender joy away.

That loth'd abode of filth and vice,
A transport, stood expos'd to view ;
Heav'n ! what an object for these eyes,
Still wet with thoughts of Love, and you !
I thought on War's destructive train,
The havoc which it makes in bliss ;
Turning affection into pain,
And murthering all the charities.

Oh, God ! cried I, how long, how long,
Shall ignorance be the dupe of guilt ?
Dying, the poor deluded throng
Bless those by whom their blood is spilt !
Let knowledge, like thy light, descend,
To cheer the darkness of thy race ;
Self interest shall recommend
To wash the wounds of weeping Peace.

Should knowledge to the earth be giv'n,
Prudence would point to virtue's road ;
The earth would be the gate of heav'n,
And every soul aspire to God.
Let go the sheets, the captain cries,
The wish'd-for port appears in view :
The boat already 'longside lies,
And I must bid thee, Love, adieu !

MORE LOVELY VIRTUE IN A LOVELY

FORM.

WHAT is beauty ? 'tis a flower,
Transient as the passing shower,
As the dew-drop of the morn
Glistening on the tender thorn.

'Tis the rainbow of the sky,
Deck'd in tints of fancied dye ;
'Tis the glow-worm's fading light
Quickly stealing from the sight.

See the rose with crimson cheek,
And the lily chaste and meek ;
See the blossoms of the year,
They rise, they reign, then disappear.

If beauty's then a short-liv'd flow'r,
Guard with care each circling hour,
And the lustre of the mind
Wear with youth and charms combin'd.

Stormy winter, dost thou spare
Violet sweet, or cowslip fair ?
Does thy blast its raging pow'r
Soften to the drooping flow'r ?

Age is winter ; and his storm
Full oft doth strike the fairest form ;
But the treasures of the heart
Withstand his keen uplifted dart.

TO

MELANCHOLY.

HENCE all ye vain delights
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly ;
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were only wise to see't,
As lovely as melancholy.
Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound,
Fountain heads and pathless groves
Where pale passion often roves,
Moonlight walks, where all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls,
A midnight bell, a passing groan,
These are the sounds which passion feed upon ;
Then stretch our bones in some still gloomy
valley.
There's nought so passing sweet as lovely mel
ancholy !



N. SMITH,
Chymical Perfumer from Lon-
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so
well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples,
redness, or sunburns ; has not its equal for whiten-
ing and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and
is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey ; 4s.
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips ; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber respectfully informs his employers and
the public in general, that he will continue his School at
No. 17 Banker-Street as usual ; and will open another
the first of May, in that spacious, airy and beautiful
House and Situation, on the corner of Grand and Or-
chard-Streets, now occupied by Mr. Whippo. He has
employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abili-
ties are adequate to the task of teaching English Lit-
erature in its various branches. The subscriber will
superintend both schools, and make it the top of his am-
bition to render instruction particularly useful to em-
ployers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every
respect relating to Science, Morality and the civil de-
velopment of his pupils. The subscriber purposed living
at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate sev-
eral genteel boarders, the house being very roomy, and
there is a beautiful yard of five lots of ground covered
with grass, and shaded with cherry and peach trees.

W. D. LEZELL.

No. 17, Banker-Street, New-York.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages,
indentures, Wills, Leases, Re-leases, Powers, Bonds,
&c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

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